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FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

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For the Herald and Journal.

LINES

In the death of Mrs. Sarah Maria Stone, wife of Doras L. Stone, who died Feb. 27, 1850.

Soft are the breezes that over thee flow,
And sweet are the roses that silently blow;
And green is the turf that around thee is spread,
As the fragrance of summer blooms over thy head.

Beneath thee they loved one in quietude sleeps,
And oft on his pillow a lone father weeps;
Lone, lone and bereft of the joy of his heart,
Ah, who to his bosom can pleasure impart?

Sad tears are bedewing thy pillow to-day,
And hearts that have loved thee now mourn on their way;
While the sweet birds are singing their song in the sky,
And the drops of the dew on the fair blossoms lie;

Mid the fragrance and beauty of summer perfume,
The yearning heart turns to the desolate tomb;
They mourn, though submission sits on the pale brow,
And hope like an anchor upholdeth them now;

Yet the heart thou didst gladden with the light of thy smile,
Is lone to the mother that weeps for her child.

We know that life's struggle with thee now is past—
That the joy thou art tasting forever doth last;
No sickness, no sorrow can trouble thee now,
Nor the dark clouds of sin cast a shade on thy brow;

A crown brighter far than earth ever knew,
Like the stars in their brilliance so lovely to view,
No pure is the lustre encircling thy head,
And paved with bright gold are the streets thou dost tread;

The raiment is white as the glittering sun,
Life's battle is over, the victory won.

At the throne of thy God, in effulgence of light,
Thou art worshipping now in the beauty and might
Of his love and his glory—O! when may we share
In the joys, in the triumph, the crown thou dost wear;

When the harp of bright gold shall be tuned to the song
That doth to the ransomed of Jesus belong.

O! soon will life's warfare cease to be a end,
And the purified spirit to heaven ascend;
To drink of a fountain that never will dry,
And the last tear of sorrow be wiped from the eye.

Springfield, Mass., 1850. B. S. HALL.

An infant son who died July 26, 1850.

For the Herald and Journal.

LETTER FROM THE VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT.

BRO. STEVENS:—One of my favorite rambles while I am resting in my Green Mountain vale is to the "Glen," a narrow ravine with a noisy brook at its bottom. Five years ago this "Glen" was pointed out to me as I was resting here, and several times since then I have returned to it, till it has grown to be a friend, and in fact an old associate. The Glen and I, for I really feel that it has an intelligent spirit in its rugged cliffs, have come to understand each other perfectly. It shouts when I shout, and to flatter me most gracefully, it has adopted my peculiar laugh; and I'll warrant that, to hear the Glen ring out a hearty peal of laughter in my most life-like manner, would fairly burst your sides. But so it is—these wild rocks are catching my manners, or else they are most provokingly mimics and heartless flatterers. Which is it? I know not why it is, but as I ramble about these mountains everything seems to be infused with life. I think I should very easily drink in the poetic spirit of the Greeks, and attribute to every brook, and hill, and tree, a guardian nymph, Fawn or Dryad—each clad in a divine beauty, and possessing the most commonplace qualities. We always went society, and if men are wanting, we find companions, or imagine them, in inanimate nature.

Come with me now down into the "Glen." We will go a few rods down the hill from my present shelter, through the verdant meadow to the bottom of this valley. Here is a clear brook winding among the herbage and rolling its transparent waters over blue and white pebbles. Now let us follow this to the South in its devious course. What a beautiful eddy! How still the waters glide! and the blue sands on the bottom, what a deep quietness they give to this pool! And see the bubbles! How sweetly they sit on that gentle bosom, how their gay colors flash, as they slowly ride around the sides. There were a trout, a sculpin, and another! How the spotted beauty plays about in the open eddy! Move softly, and let him sport. And now he rises to the surface to catch that venturesome fly. How his scales gleam with crimson and gold! See how he balances himself in the water, and moves his fins and tail in beauty! Another! a third! and a fourth! See them gambol and chase, now rising, now sinking and poisoning! How lovely is a transparent pool of water, with a summer sun shining upon it, and sporting trout darting through it! That caught of mine, O vexation! A flash in the water and the four trout are gone! I pass on.

Here we come to a pond, and just down below is a mill at the edge of a forest. Now our brook must work. Yankees can ill afford to have idlers straying across their meadows, and so he is caught and caged, and must in some way earn his living. But he is good natured about it. See that sweet smile on his face where the sun is looking down upon him, as he lies shut up in the pond! It seems as if he understood the secret of happiness—work to drive away want, and play to bring pleasure. Now he sets his lusty foot on the wheel—hear him sing. Is not that a noble song—the song of the water as he makes the ponderous wheel spin like a toy? And how merrily he laughs now when his work is done!

We enter the woods, keeping still by the brookside. The character of this is now changed. It runs wildly and rapidly and noisily. Now it is compressed between two rocks to an ill-breathed, and now it spreads out over smooth blue and white stones and pebbles to more than a rod. Here it is wide, and the sunlight falls in through the tree tops. See how the water is braided, and with what a peculiar quivering, darting motion the shadows fall upon the variously tinted bottom! Not a brook in a thousand can show such a scene of beauty. It is as if several distinct and transparent currents of yellow gold, white silver, blue steel, and green emerald were twining and interlacing above a bed of mingled jaspers, topaz and rubies. Now an eddy! and again the braided water on its jeweled bed! And this for a mile. What a morning walk! how cool and quiet! and what a song of praise for my early devotion! The musical brook and the singing birds and the voice of the wind in the tree tops.

"Earth with her ten thousand voices praises God." Now the hills on each side approach; and here they become two naked cliffs. This is the upper opening of the "Glen." The brook, which we have followed for two miles, first through wood and sunlight, then into an artificial lake and over the mill wheel, and then among trees and glades; now enters a rocky defile, formed by almost perpendicular cliffs of mica slate, varying from thirty to one hundred and fifty feet in height, and pursues a winding course along this defile for a half mile, and then emerges into the beautiful meadows of the Green River above Greenfield. This gorge is not above forty feet wide at any one point, and is sometimes contracted to fifteen. The brook has undoubtedly worn its way down through the rock, cutting away the slate and lowering its bed gradually each year. This accounts for the crooked, devious course of the passage; for if it had been a seam in the rock, opened by some mighty convulsion, the probability is that its course would have been direct. The fall within this half-mile is about 750 feet, and is broken into a succession of cascades divided from each other by deep eddies with dark blue water, whirling and boiling, or by glassy pools, sometimes protracted for several rods in length. The pathway, when the water in the brook is low, lies along the bed of the stream on the points of rocks; but when the stream is full you must pass along on the top of the left hand cliff. Two days ago I wandered here in the bed of the stream, and looked up to the tall cliffs above with their dense growth of birch and hemlock, crossing their arms above the chasm, and throwing a cool shade upon the foaming brook, in which my feet were dipping. The ceaseless roar of the cascades, the water all broken into snow as it fell over the jagged rocks, the quiet blue eddies, and the absence of all sight or sound of animated life, were really oppressive.

Here, thought I, at least, is an emblem of labor at his work in a hidden recess. Here untiring toil has been for centuries at his task. And the result how astonishing! how sublime! The smooth water, so soft that it yields to the breath of the wind, and so nervous that it is the very emblem of instability—"unstable as water"—has here forced its way down from the summit of that cliff 150 feet through the rock to the bed of this brook. And farther it will go. This calm and yet determined voice—the noise of waters—that fills the glen with monotonous sound, says "Day and night the task of heavening down the mountain and filling up the valley goes on. Ages shall see it and wonder."

Yesterday there was a violent rain in this vicinity, and to-day I have just returned from a visit to the brook in the Glen. Before the rain it was easy to go from the bottom of the gorge to its upper end, by the side of the water, but to-day the whole defile is full of foaming water. Several of the cascades are now nearly on a level. The eddies have disappeared, and the whole scene is changed. The stream is a rivulet in the meadow, but an overwhelming torrent in the Glen. The water has none of the blue transparent color of two days ago, but is whiter than driven snow and dances and races, skipping and bounding in the maddest confusion. Drift wood obstructs it for a moment here, and then it is hurled away like a feather in the wind. The whole exhibits one of the wildest scenes of wrath and recklessness imaginable. Rocks and trees have been swept away, and the sides of the cliffs bear unmistakable signs of the fury of the water, as it rose to the height of ten feet or more in two hours. The suddenness and power of these mountain streams in their rise during a shower upon the neighboring hills is hardly credible. There is a rock on which I sat at my last visit but one, and which I had marked, which at this last visit I found some four rods farther down the stream. This rock I climbed upon with some difficulty, and found by measurement the weight to be 71-2 tons. You can, therefore, easily judge of the force of the torrent which should sweep down such a mass in its waters. Thus I have wandered for hours, or sat on an overhanging rock and watched the raging foam as it boiled in the deep defile from 60 to 100 feet below, and thought of the insignificance of man's power, and the greatness of Him whose voice, though soft as a whisper, could command these waves and they shall be still. How exalted in power is he who has given to the water a measure of strength, seen in the torrent and the stream, to which man's might is vain, and who has given to the winds also a share of his own energy. How full of beauty is He who has covered earth with such glorious robes of loveliness, and has sustained the sky with such magnificence.

Yours, once more,
RICHARD RINGWOOD.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

It was but the other day that I sat conversing with a man, who, for half a score of years, had been an unhappy backslider, but, in consequence of a short, but severe illness, was, by the kind dealings of Providence, the faithful advice of friends, and the stern admonitions of conscience, brought to consider the evil of his ways, and, to some extent, the exceeding sinfulness of his latter life. He seemed a penitent man.

As if he would return from whence he came, And seek again the Christian's worthy name; Return a wanderer from the ways of sin, And now, once more, the Christian's life begin.

He appeared like one about to return to his Saviour; to him, who "would not break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax;" to him, who in melting accents of tender compassion invited him once more to his arms; holding out the same gracious assurance of pardon and forgiveness as at the first; and by which, he was in great part, induced in years ago to come to Christ.

He confessed his faults. He confessed even the particular sin, by which he at first had been misled; and which, by constant indulgence, had woven a net-work of habit about his soul, too strong, as I feared for him, effectually to sunder. There was but one hope for him, and that was, to form the sober, well-considered resolve, never more "to touch, taste, or handle" the "accursed thing;" and then, for aid in keeping it, to cast himself by faith on Christ.

But also! the deceitfulness of sin seemed as if it must have its perfect, or rather imperfect work. The grosser part of his offending habit he would willingly surrender. The major offence he would no more commit; but for the minor—the mere peccadillo—the slight offence,—for that he pleaded like a drowning man for a plank. "No! not the least indulgence," was the inexorable and invariable rejoinder. "Total abstinence is the only admissible principle in your case, as, indeed, it is in the case of every sinner. You must surrender yourself to the law of Christ, unconditionally, unreservedly. No more tampering with that sin; no, not so much as in the slightest shades. Even there the principle of evil would be found at work, as well and as truly as in the grosser practices. It cannot be justified, it must not be allowed."

O, how did that poor sinner plead for a little indulgence, only a little.

It was not excess he clamored for!—No: If years, I might blame him for his folly.

Alas, how could he cut off that right hand! Gladly would he dismember it. Cheerfully would he lop off finger after finger, only not take the whole hand of offence. How could he pluck out that right eye,—that dear, right eye! He would consent to cover it with dark lenses, to blind it with bandages,—any thing but pluck it out,—that he could not do. No! no! the operation was too, too painful. He had not grace for its performance; nor would he ask for it. He wanted Christ as the Shepherd and Bishop of his soul; he wanted to return to the flock from whence he had strayed; to be numbered again with the faithful; to be at peace within,—to have "a calm and heavenly frame;" but to gain these by dint of such severe crosses—such fiery ordeals of self-denial, he could not,—he did not.

The alternative was presented,—to forsake that sin, or to have Christ forsake him forever; but, flinging himself with the monstrous delusion, that he could have and enjoy both, he put me off, and after addressing the throne of grace, in his behalf, I left him myself, deeply impressed in view of this manifestation of the power of sin in the soul, and the difficulty,—the extreme difficulty of breaking the spell of old habits and practices of sin, which for years have been throwing their invisible fetters over the mind; and more disposed than ever to raise ceaselessly the prayer,—"Lead me not into temptation, and deliver me from evil."

But this man is but the representative of a large class of sinners. They would be glad to be Christians,—glad to have the Christian's God for their God; but then he requires an entire self-consecration, an unreserved devotion of body, soul and spirit to him, and they are offended. He demands that they "Love the Lord their God with all their heart," and to that extent they are not prepared to go,—some little sin they must be indulged in, and so they beg to be excused.

Like Lot, leaving at the command of the angels, the wicked cities of the plain, they plead hard to be allowed to abide in some little Zoar, rather than relying wholly upon Christ for protection, flee to the mountains as required. And are there not some such within the pale of the church? Let all such study the following passage from Phillip:—"He who trembles at the treachery of his own heart, is humbled as well as hindered by it; whereas he who is reconciled to a vacant mind, and worldly spirit, and thus reckless how he feels, is sure to make shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience. The mourner of the plagues of his own heart, will, at least, not increase them; but the man who regards them as a mere matter of course, and thus allows them to take their swing, will soon bring them out from the centre of his heart to the surface of his life."

Ballardvale, Aug., 1850. A. F. B.

For the Herald and Journal.

CAMP MEETINGS IN OLD TIMES.

MR. EDITOR:—As the time for holding Camp Meetings is drawing nigh, I had been thinking of giving you a short article for the Herald on the glory which often attended those meetings in former days, when scores have often been seen prostrate under the power of God—some crying for mercy, others singing with joy the praises of God for regenerating grace, new-born souls telling the words of redeeming mercy, saints filled with perfect love shouting the high praises of God, while some with countenances shining with glory were ready to wing their way to the heavenly world; and astonished sinners stood in solemn awe beholding the wonderful work of God.

I took up the Herald, and noticing some seven or eight appointments for Camp Meetings, I observed in another column of the Herald an article from H. C. Atwater, under the significant head, "Why I love Camp Meetings." In reading it I was particularly struck with the following expression—"We all, in short, need to go to the grove to worship, that by bringing the brands together from the different parts of the district, a great fire may be kindled, and we get our hearts thawed out, and warmed up, and go to our homes with our faces shining as one of old, after his forty days' communing with God."

That your readers may not think him a little enthusiastic, I will sustain him by an account taken from the Norfolk Beacon, of August 19th, 1824, which I received when publisher of the Zion's Herald, and have sacredly preserved, which is as follows:—

"A singular display of the goodness and power of Almighty God, at a Camp Meeting held at Tangier Island, Aug. 15th, 1824.

"Miss Narcissa Crippin, a highly respectable young lady, nineteen years of age, and a zealous Christian, was on the evening of the 16th inst., about 8 o'clock, so operated upon by the Spirit of God, that her face became too bright and shining for mortal eyes to gaze upon, without producing the most awful feeling to the beholders. It resembled the reflection of the sun upon a bright cloud. The appearance of her face for the space of forty minutes was truly angelic, during which time she was silent; after which she spoke, and expressed her happy and heavenly feelings; when her dazzling countenance gradually faded, and her face resumed its natural appearance. The writer of this paragraph was an eye witness of the circumstance above stated. Such a sight he never expected to behold with mortal eyes, and to give a true description of it, would be beyond the ability of mortal man. While she remained in the situation above described, she was seen by more than two hundred persons, a few of whom have subscribed their names hereto.

WM. LEE,
WM. E. WISE,
JOHN BAYLY.

In former days, at Camp Meetings, Quarterly Meetings and other religious assemblies, in groves and elsewhere, I have often seen unregenerate persons by the power of God instantly stricken to the ground, and with the most awful expressions of horror depicted in their countenances, have heard their wailings and cries for mercy. While Christians were praying with and for them, the first appearance of a change would be a bright spot upon the cheek, which would gradually spread over the countenance; then a moving of the lips without sound, which would soon be followed with soft accents of "glory," increasing to loud and distinct shouts of "glory to God."

I have frequently seen devoted Christians so filled with the Spirit of God, that the glory of heaven shone with such brilliancy in their features that their countenances were truly angelic, with such heavenly expression as human language is incapable of describing.

Those were days of blessedness which I pray may soon return to the church again. Let them dance like David before the ark, and leap like

the lame man healed in the temple, or shout hosanna to the son of David like the multitude going up to Jerusalem, and all the people singing alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Even so come Lord Jesus.

Yours respectfully,
Newbury, Vt., Aug. 2. S. STAS.

CAMP MEETINGS.

As the season for Camp Meetings in New England is approaching, I beg leave to offer a "few remarks" suggested by observations made at the meeting in Northport, Me., last year, which was considered the best ever held in this State. If one had ever doubted the utility of these meetings, a close observation of the effect of that one must forever remove all his fears. The whole county of Waldo was made better by it. The collection of people was greater than ever before assembled on any occasion in this part of the State. The location is certainly admirable. The order was wonderful. The multitude of young people from all the villages in the vicinity, from Belfast especially, did themselves a lasting honor by their excellent deportment. But the interest manifested in our approaching meeting far exceeds that of last year. According to present appearances it will be the largest ever held in Maine. And, judging from the state of our church, in the vicinity, we have reason to hope that God will visit his people in power and great glory.

In order that nothing may be wanting on the part of the church, I venture a few suggestions:—

1. The road leading from the "landing" to the highway should not pass through the encampment, but by it at a few rods distance. The passing of persons, baggage, &c., in sight of the congregation, in time of public service, is exceedingly annoying. There ought, of course, to be a road from the landing, as well as from other points, to the encampment.

2. The innumerable stamps were very troublesome, as many a careless wight who measured his full length on the ground might testify. And many a lady's dress, no doubt, deplored the state as well as the fashions.

3. I noticed that some of our sisters brought "the baby" with them. Bad practice! A lady who had the first idea of religious devotion, or any tolerable share of common sense, would know better.

4. It seems to me that if, when the public service was about to commence, instead of repeating from the stand, again and again, the order of seating the people, some three or four judicious men had been appointed to assist in seating them, it would have saved the presiding officer much time and trouble, and been more pleasant to all.

5. "Lastly," I noticed that some of "the brethren" were quite as tardy in observing the order of the meeting as any others. Now, we have no fellowship for that stupidity which cannot appreciate good order, nor for that blundering impetuosity which knows no restraint. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—Liberty to pray, sing, shout, and praise God, but no liberty to sin against God by violating the order of a religious meeting.

Now, brethren, let us go to that great meeting—for it will be a great one. Get your large tents ready in season. Spare no pains. It will be the last privilege of attending Camp Meeting some of you will ever have. Let no one go merely for recreation, and while away God's time in a dissipation of thought and feeling. Attend to your great purpose. Do not forget it a moment. Keep near to God and to duty. Do not stand aloof and see your brethren go to the battle without you. Gird on your armor, and enter heart and soul into the work yourself, and it will be a glorious week to you. Bring a host of the unconverted with you—God will hear prayer! Ho, ye good people of Northport, Belfast, Camden, Thomaston, Castine, Searsport, Bucksport, Frankfort, Hampden, Orrington, Bangor, Orono, Oldtown, and all the region round about—come ye up to this feast! Gather in the name of the Lord! Throw off the restraints of worldliness that would bind the free spirit of a child of God, and come and act as for eternity! Lord God of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, bless the Northport Camp Meeting this once! And let all the people say—Amen.

ONE WHO LOVES GOD.

On-the-way, Aug. 6.

For the Herald and Journal.

EAST LIVERMORE CAMP MEETING.

Agreeably to a notice in the Herald, there is to be a camp meeting in East Livermore, on the circuit where I labor this year, to commence Monday, Sept. 2d, and continue probably till the Saturday morning following.

This is a fine spot for a meeting of this kind, and it is desired that our friends from far and near will come. In the first place, come with your hearts ready to God for a blessing upon yourselves and others. In the next place, come with provisions and fixtures, for tenting on the ground, for I find a growing evil among our brethren and friends, arising from the idea that there will be ample provisions made for them in the neighborhood—it was not so at the first camp meeting I attended! The brethren there, nearest to the ground, shut up their houses and tented on the ground. They were wonderfully blessed, and so were many that came from a distance. But now people come, and even our brethren, without tent or provisions, walking around the ground as spectators; having thrown off all responsibilities, they are gentlemen and ladies at large—neither doing good, nor getting good, wondering why the meetings are no more interesting. Again, it appears to me to be altogether out of place for any one to speculate about a camp meeting—especially our own brethren. It is indeed affecting to see our brethren around a camp meeting scrambling with all their might, to see how much money they can make during the session of the meeting; why, they say, strangers must be provided for, and they may as well have the money as others. Now I say, strangers have as good a right to bring their provision with them, and tent on the ground as we have, and if they will not do that, let them provide for themselves, as best they may elsewhere. I trust the tents' companies will lay in store something, over and above, to accommodate such strangers as will work with us in carrying forward the great object of the meeting; let us be willing rather to make sacrifices, than attempt to make money out of a camp meeting. The benefits of a camp meeting are almost if not altogether lost to those who are continually running off the ground for their refreshments; in so doing they come in contact with many things which are calculated to divert

their attention from the object of the meeting. Come prepared to stay on the ground, then, if you would be benefited; again, come with a full determination to work for God, and the good of souls, and commence this work at the commencement of the meeting, and keep it up through the whole meeting—watch for an opportunity to labor in whatever situation you are; if you are a preacher, preach when called upon, without making any excuses, unless you are really sick; if so, go home and be doctored; if you are a tent master, stand to your post, and see that all in or about your tent stand in their proper lot or place, and if any one is in the habit of making long prayers at home, or elsewhere, let him pray short here, for conscience sake. Why, there are a great many to take a part, and if you take up all the time yourself, how can others improve? But if any one should forget himself and become lengthy, let others in the tent be very careful and not become impatient and fretful; that will spoil all; no, rather pray for patience, and make the best of it. Remember and let all the sisters take a part in the social meetings as well as the brethren. Now if any are cold or backslidden, let them improve the very first opportunity to confess and covenant anew to return to God, and likewise let those who have come to seek their soul's salvation, improve the first opportunity to present themselves for the prayers of God's people, and continue to yield and submit to God, till you find pardon and justification by faith in the blood of the Lamb. And may none of us lose sight of the great and glorious subject of holiness, and may we contend and wrestle with God in prayer and faith, until we can individually say of a truth, the blessing is mine, and then by faith and obedience hold it fast forever. Amen.

JOHN ALLEN.

Fayette, Me., Aug. 3.

PROGRESS OF LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Her progress has been a curious and an interesting spectacle. She has come into human society with a sort of triumphant march; her course has been a perpetual ovation. Thousands have been watching her with eager eyes, and applauding each successful step, while she, all unconscious of their gaze, holding on to the slender thread, and feeling her way along, has advanced with faith and courage towards those who awaited her with trembling hope. Nothing shows more than her ease the importance which, despite their useless waste of human life and human capacity, men really attach to a human soul. They owe to her something for furnishing an opportunity of showing how much of goodness there is in them; for surely the way in which she has been regarded is creditable to humanity. Perhaps there are not three living women whose names are more widely known than hers; and there is not one who has excited so much sympathy and interest. There are thousands of women in the world who are striving to attract its notice and gain its admiration,—some by the natural magic of beauty and grace, some by the high nobility of talent, some by the lower nobility of rank and title, some by the vulgar show of wealth; but none of them has done it so effectually as this poor blind, deaf and dumb girl, by the silent show of her misfortunes, and her successful efforts to surmount them.

The treatment she has received shows something of Human Progress too; for the time was when a child, bereaved of senses as she is, would have been regarded as a monster, and treated as a burden and a curse, even among the most civilized people of the world; she would, perhaps, have been thrown into the river, or exposed upon the mountain to wild beasts. But now there are millions of people by whom it is recognized as a duty, and esteemed as a privilege, to protect and cherish her, or any one in the like situation.

There is something, perhaps, in the rarity of such cases of manifold bereavement—something in the fact that she is the first person who ever came out of such a dark and silent prison to tell us plainly of its condition—something of pride in the proof which she gives of the native power of the human soul; but still, bating all this, the amount of tender sympathy in her misfortunes, and of real interest in the attempt to lighten them, which has been shown by thousands of sensitive hearts, is most gratifying to reflect upon.

LAURA'S PRESENT STATE.

At the period when the last mention was made of her in our Annual Report, she had gained a sufficient knowledge of language to converse freely, by means of the finger alphabet, on all topics which would be understood by girls generally of twelve years old. She had begun to come into relation with a variety of persons; with the teachers and pupils in the school for the blind, all of whom could converse readily and easily with her. She had become intimate with several instructed deaf mutes, and had formed quite an extensive circle of acquaintance, with ladies for the most part, who had taken pains to learn the manual alphabet, and with whom she was very fond of talking.

These influences were found to be favorable to the development of her character, and she was left to them. I thought it better to pursue this course than keep her as strictly under the influence of her teacher's mind as she had been in the early period of her instruction. She needed, however, and has continued to have, special instruction. Miss Sarah White has continued to give all her time and attention to her education. She has been to her a constant companion, friend, teacher and exemplar. She has devoted herself to Laura for years, by day and by night, in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow, with zeal, patience and discretion, and has had a wholesome influence upon her mind, heart and character.

I can claim no other credit for the improvement which Laura has made in latter years, than that of securing for her such a teacher. If she is short-coming of any natural qualification for the task she undertook, at my urgent request, I can only say, on the other hand, it would be very hard to find any one who possesses so many natural and acquired qualifications for so novel and arduous an undertaking. Her success has been great. She has done far better than I could have done. Her gentleness and equanimity of temper have tended to keep her pupil in that happy mean between excesses of feeling, which persons of her temperament are constitutionally disposed.

Laura loves her and respects her, and makes no severer criticism upon her than the playful diary in the following extract from her little diary:—

"I had a very pleasant day. I have been very hilarious. I could not help laughing incessantly. My mind is very full of drollery and mirthfulness. I wish that my dear teacher would have a little share of my mirthfulness."

She does not like fun as well as I do. I love fun so much.

"As I was very busily engaged at 11 o'clock, I was agreeably interrupted by some circumstances which occurred so unexpectedly. It was [the entrance of] one of my dear friends, Miss E. B. the sister of my old teacher. She took my dirty right hand, greeting me very warmly—who wore gloves."

"I asked her how she liked our Sunny Home, she said she admired it very much. She surveyed it with much interest. She asked me whose the bouquet of flowers were. I assuredly told her, that they belonged to Miss W. She returned that they smelt very fragrantly and deliciously. E altered her mind at length as she could not stay as long as she [had] hoped."

The words included between brackets are added; the rest is an exact copy, *punctuatum et literatim*, from her diary, which she writes in a legible hand.—Dr. Howe's Report.

A BILL OF SALE FROM THE ALMIGHTY.

Although many of our readers may have heard of the case indicated by the above caption, yet as it is the only one, to our knowledge, in which a final decision was ever made on the subject by the Supreme Court of Vermont, it may not be amiss at this crisis to repeat it.

During the continuance of the old Tyler Court, so called, in this State, consisting of Judges Tyler, Fay and Harrington, a runaway slave was brought before them at Middlebury, when, after a hearing and brief consultation, Tyler and Fay put it on their associate, the blunt and fearless Harrington, to give off the decision in his own way.

"What do you say you mainly ground your alleged right to this black man upon?" said Harrington, turning abruptly to the claimant, standing before the bar.

"Upon this Bill of Sale, your honor, legally executed from the former to the present owner," replied the claimant.

"We know nothing about that," said Harrington, promptly; "we know nothing about that here in Vermont. Bring in a Bill of Sale from the Almighty, and you shall have the negro; else he is as free as the rest of us."—Green Mountain Freeman.

THE PAST PRESIDENTS.

The following condensed statement of facts respecting those who have filled the Presidential chair is of interest at the present time:—

Gen. Washington closed his administration on the 3d of March, 1797, and survived that event nearly three years, having died on the 14th of Dec. 1799, in the 68th year of his age. John Adams followed Gen. Washington on the 4th of March, 1797, and his administration ceased on the 3d of March, 1801. He survived 25 years, as he breathed his last on the same day with Jefferson, viz: on the 4th of July, 1826.

Thomas Jefferson succeeded on the 4th of March, 1801, and his two terms ceased on the 3d of March, 1809. He survived the expiration of his office 17 years, as he died on the 4th of July, 1826, in the 74th year of his age. James Madison succeeded his illustrious friend on the 4th of March, 1809. On the 3d of March, 1817, his administration was brought to a close. He survived until the 28th of June, 1836, in the 86th year of his age.

James Monroe succeeded Mr. Madison on the 4th of March, 1817, and closed his administration on the 3d of March, 1825. He died on the 4th of July, 1831, in the 72d year of his age.

The administration of Mr. John Q. Adams (the only President who was elected by the House of Representatives) commenced on the 4th of March, 1825, and closed on the 3d of March, 1829. He breathed his last on the 23d of Feb. 1848.

Gen. Andrew Jackson succeeded Mr. Adams on the 4th of March, 1829, and closed his administration on the 3d of March, 1837. He died on the 8th of June, 1845.

Martin Van Buren succeeded on the 4th of March, 1837, and closed his administration on the 3d of March, 1841. He is still living.

Gen. W. H. Harrison commenced his administration on the 4th of March, 1841, which continued only for one month—having breathed his last on the 4th of April, 1841, in his sixty-ninth year of his age. He died at Washington during the recess of Congress.

John Tyler was the first Vice President who succeeded to the Presidency upon the death of the President. He followed Gen. Harrison in April, 1841, and closed his administration on the 3d of March, 1845. He is still living. When Mr. Tyler became the acting President, Mr. Southard became the acting Vice President; and upon his death, Mr. Mangum, one of the present Senators from North Carolina, was elected, and remained as the presiding officer of the Senate, until the end of Mr. Tyler's term of office.

James K. Polk succeeded Mr. Tyler on the 4th of March, 1845, and closed his administration on the 3d of March, 1849. A few months after, he closed his life.

Gen. Taylor came to the Presidency on the 4th of March, 1849, and expired on

A SONG FOR OLD CAPE COD.

BY EDWARD G. ABBOTT.

A song for the Cape! the pleasant Cape!
With its pine-trees waving free!
And its fields of rice, that bend in the breeze
That bloweth across the sea!

A free and joyous song for thee,
A song for old Cape Cod!
On a lovelier spot the waves never beat,
And footsteps never tread.

As a fond mother, with a heaving breast,
Old Ocean wraps thee round,
And her wild hymn of love she chants
With a glad and grateful sound.

Sometimes with a murmuring soft and low,
As the summer sun in the Western sky
Goes down on its golden wings—
And the bright waters, with a gentle flow
Come to kiss the sparkling sand—
Wavelets that rippled long ago
On many a distant strand.

But oft, at the beck of the God of Storms,
Will the Atlantic surges roar,
And the ocean furies heave their forms
Against the wild sea shore—
The lightnings flash, and I see the waves
With their white caps dancing high;
A moment—and falleth the midnight black,
Like a pall over sea and sky.

The sun is up—and the storm is past;
But the waves still heavily roar,
And the great sea telleth, in every pulse,
Of its strong and struggling soul.

But the bright and fair, and beautiful,
Is the home of old Cape Cod.
The loveliest shore the waves ever kissed,
Or a pilgrim ever trod!

A hymn to the Cape! the glorious Cape,
With its fields of waving rice,
The flowers that bloom, and the trees that sing
As the ocean breeze goes by!

A song for the girls of old Cape Cod,
Their loveliness and grace—
The fairest flowers by the ocean side,
And beauty in every face!

A song for the thousand brave old hearts
That rest from the stormy sea—
No prouder home than the Cape for them,
The home of the brave and the free!

Osterville, July 20. Barnstable Patriot.

"PRESS ON."

A RIVULET'S SONG.

"Just under an alder, 'midst reeds and moss,
I was born of a rock-spring, and dew;
I was shaded by trees, whose branches and leaves
Ne'er suffered the sun to gaze through.

"I wandered around the steep brow of a hill,
Where the daisies and violets fair
Were shaking the mist from their waking eyes,
And pouring their breath on the air.

"Then I crept gently on, and I moistened the feet
Of a shrub which enfolded a nest—
The bird in return sang his merriest song,
And showed me his feathery crest.

"How joyous I felt in the bright afternoon,
When the sun, riding off in the West,
Came out in red gold from behind the green trees,
And illumined my tremulous breast!

"My memory now can return to the time
When the breeze murmured low, plaintive tones,
While I wasted the day in dancing away,
Or playing with pebbles and stones.

"It points to the hour when the rain pattered down,
Of resting awhile in the trees;
Then quickly descending it ruffled my calm,
And whispered to me of the sea!

"'T was then the first wish found a home in my breast
To increase as time hurried along;
'T was then I first learned to slip softly the words
Which I now love so proudly—'Press on!'

"I'll make wider my bed, as onward I tread,
A deep, mighty river I'll be;
'Press on! all the day I'll sing on my way,
Till I enter the far-spreading sea."

It ceased. A youth lingered beside its green edge
Till the stars in its face brightly shone;
He hoped the sweet strain would re-echo again—
But he just heard a murmur—"Press on!"

SKETCHES.

From the Guide to Holiness.

A PRECIOUS INTERVIEW.

We are indebted to Dr. Bangs for a valuable extract from some of the writings of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, which have not been published in this country. It is an account of a meeting of herself, and other kindred spirits, with Mr. Fletcher, and contains an interesting sketch of Mr. Fletcher's experience. Mrs. Rogers writes:

"I was kept all the morning in solemn expectation of blessings in seeing and conversing with Mr. Fletcher; till just before he arrived it was suggested, 'Thou wilt be disappointed; thou art expecting from man, and not from God.' For a moment my faith seemed staggered; but I fell on my knees before the Lord, owning him as the only source of all my hope and happiness; and he so filled me with his love, that nature was almost overpowered, and I felt as if I must have expired at his feet, had not tears relieved me.

"During these happy moments of communion with my God, Mr. Fletcher, Miss Bosanquet, and Mrs. Crosby arrived. When I entered the room where they were assembled, the heavenly man was giving out the following verses, with such animation as I have seldom witnessed—

"Near us, assisting Jesus stand;
Give us the opening heavens to see;
Thee to behold at God's right hand,
And yield our parting souls to Thee.

"My Father, O my Father, hear,
And send the fiery chariot down;
Let Israel's flaming steeds appear,
And whirl us to the starry crown.

"We, we would die for Jesus, too,
Through tortures, fires, and seas of blood;
And all triumphantly break through,
And plunge into the depths of God!

After this, he poured out his full soul to God in prayer. Indeed, his every breath seemed to be a continuance of prayer or praise, or spiritual instruction; and every word that fell from his lips appeared to be accompanied by unctious from above.

"After dinner, he inquired respecting Miss L., saying he had seen my letters to her. I took out her last to me, which he desired me to read; and kindly explained several things he had written to her, which she did not clearly comprehend; particularly that (in his words) 'all who enjoy perfect love, possess also the gift of prophecy.' By this, he said, he did not mean the miraculous gift of foretelling future events; but the magnifying God, by speaking unto men with the new heart of love, and the new tongue of praise; as on the day of Pentecost, those who were filled with the Holy Ghost, glorified God by speaking of his wonderful works, as the Spirit gave them utterance. This utterance he called the gift of prophecy; and earnestly insisted, that we might all prove the same baptismal fire of love that descended on

that day on the primeval church, seeing the promise was unto them and to their children, and to all them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. That we, as they, if we assert our privilege, may, with great power, bear witness of the grace of our Lord Jesus, and spread the flame of love we feel, by speaking unto edification, and exhortation, and comfort among all our acquaintance. One hundred and twenty souls he believed would set the world on fire.

"But he observed the reason why those perfected in love did not more fully spread the savor of grace was, because they do not, in general, plead for a more abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit, both in his gifts and graces. He then earnestly exhorted all present to seek this fulness of love, and this gift of utterance; and taking my hand, proceeded, 'Will you, my sister, be one who shall spread the sacred flame? Come, my friend, I will covenant with you: we will join to magnify the Lord, and bear our testimony before men and angels. Will you?'

"In deep humility, but filled with the presence and power of God, I answered, with flowing tears, 'In the strength of Jesus, I will.'

"'Glorious be to God! glory be to God!' said he, many times over; and his holy soul was filled with praise. Lord, strengthen thy feeble dust to keep the covenant unto death!

"I had a solemn season of communion with God before the meeting, in Mr. Smith's parlor. When we came there, after singing and prayer, Mr. Fletcher stood up, and said:—

"'My dear brethren and sisters, God is here! I feel him in this place. But I am ashamed; I would hide my face in the dust. I have dishonored my God, and denied my Saviour by not confessing him. I have grieved his Spirit. I have been ashamed and afraid to declare what he hath done for my soul; but I am ashamed of my folly, and deeply humiliated on account thereof; and he has restored my soul.'

"Last Wednesday evening, he instructed and commanded me by his word, 'Reckon yourselves, therefore, to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ.' I obeyed the voice of God, and now obey it, by declaring to the praise of his love, I am freed from sin. Yea, I now bear witness, to the glory of his grace, 'I am dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ,' who is my Lord, and reigns over every motion in my soul.

"I have received this blessing four or five times before; but I grieved the Spirit of God by not making confession, and as often I let it go. I lost it by not observing and obeying the order of God, who hath told us, 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation;' which latter I neglected.

"Once the tempter suggested, 'What you feel cannot be the blessing; perfection is something higher. You are not delivered from mistakes, ignorances, real errors in judgment, in memory, &c., therefore, though you are delivered from sinful tempers, you ought not to make a profession that you are holy.' I listened to these things, and soon discovered I had lost what God had bestowed.

"When I had re-obtained the same glorious deliverance, the bait was offered under another form. The enemy now said, 'Wait a few days, or weeks, and see if the fruits of sanctification appear, before you profess so great a salvation.' I had no sooner yielded to wait for the fruits, but I began to doubt of the witness, which before I had felt in my heart; and was in a little time sensible I had lost both.

"A third time, with shame I confess it, I was kept from being a witness for my Lord, by the suggestion, 'Thou art a public character, a city set upon a hill; the world and professors have all an eye upon thee; and if some future trial should overcome thee, or if, as before, thou shouldst by any means lose the blessing; what a dishonor and reproach will it be to the doctrine of heart-holiness.'

"A fourth time Satan prevailed over a worm by. 'It is true, thou art freed from sin;—thou knowest that Gospel-perfection is perfect love; but love is the fulfilling of the law, not of Adam, but of Gospel grace; and that many ignorances, mistakes, &c., are consistent with perfect love; but how many thousands will not believe this! How many affirm that every transgression of the Adamic law,—the law of perfect innocence suited to Adam's sinless nature, his perfect body and soul,—every transgression of this law, is sin! and, therefore, if thou professest thyself freed from sin, all these will give thy profession the lie. Enjoy, therefore, what God hath wrought in thy soul, and hold it fast, without declaring publicly, 'I am freed from sin; I am holy, I am perfect in love.' But again I found, 'he that hideth his Lord's talent, and improvet it not, from that unprofitable servant shall be taken away even that he hath.'

"Now, my brethren, you see my folly.—I have confessed in your presence, and now I resolve in your presence also, henceforth I will confess my master to all the world. And I declare unto you, in the presence of God the Holy Trinity, I am now 'dead indeed unto sin.' I do not say, I am crucified with Christ, because some of our well-meaning brethren say by this can be meant a gradual dying unto sin, for a man who is crucified is a long time in dying; but I profess unto you I am dead unto sin, and that effectually as my right hand, and my feet from righteousness. But then, if our good brethren the Calvinists will still insist, Every ignorance, every involuntary mistake, is sin, we will not quarrel; then, in this sense, I am not freed from sin, for I am not freed from these things. But if I may venture to believe my Lord Jesus, if love be the fulfilling of the law, then I know that these things are consistent with love, with a single eye, and a pure heart; and I therefore dare to reckon thus in the presence of you all; and I mean to declare myself henceforth, before men and angels, 'I am dead unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ.'

"Mind, it is still through Jesus, and in Jesus, not independent of him, or separate from him. I have taken him to be my Prophet, Priest, and King; my indwelling Holiness; my All in all. He is all I want; and I wait for the more full and entire fulfillment of that prayer of Christ, 'Let them be one in us; that even that pentecostal blessing, that baptism of the Spirit poured out on the whole church now upon earth, that shall make us all of one heart and one mind. O for the pure primeval flame! O for the fulness of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost! O my brethren and sisters, pray, pray, pray, for this effusion of the Spirit! Wrestle, agonize with God till it be given.'

"Then he called upon all present to confess the Lord Jesus. 'And if any,' said he, 'have not the gift of utterance, pray for it, and it shall be given. You are commanded to 'covet earnestly' and to pray for gifts, not for your own sake, but for that of the church. A man without gifts is like the king in disguise; he appears as a subject only. You are kings and priests unto God; Put on your robes, and wear on your garter, conspicuous to all, Holiness to the Lord! Reckon yourselves now dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ.'

"You who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, what wait you for? Delay not. Unite yourselves to Jesus, your Holiness, by believing; take to yourselves this great salvation; take it now. You must receive it by faith; Faith lays hold, and says, 'It is mine.' As when you reckon with your creditor, with your host; and when you have paid all reckon yourself free; so now reckon with God. Jesus hath

paid all for thee;—purchased not only thy pardon, but thine inward holiness. Now it is God's command, 'Reckon thyself dead indeed unto sin; freed from sin, and alive unto God, now, this moment. Obey now! Fear not; believe, believe, believe! and continue to believe every moment; for it is retained, as it is received, by faith alone. Whosoever thou art that wilt perseveringly believe, it will be as a fire in thy bosom, and constrain thee to confess with thy mouth, thy Lord and King, Jesus! and in spreading the sacred flame of love thou wilt be saved to the very uttermost.

"My dear brethren, make a noble confession this night. Hide nothing from us of all that the Lord hath done for you. Yea, strengthen my hands, and let us offer the sacrifice of praise."

"After Mr. Fletcher ceased to speak, about thirty witnessed for Jesus, that they, through grace, were dead unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Numbers were so affected that they could not speak. I felt what was truly unutterable; I sunk into nothing; I was lost in the fulness of the Triune God!

"When the meeting was concluded, Mr. F., taking hold of my hand, said, 'Glorious be to God, my dear sister, for the testimony you have borne this night! and still holding my hand between his, he repeated several times, 'Glorious be to God! I was so afresh filled with a weight of love, that I was constrained to retire, and vent my full soul in tears before the Lord.'

CHILDREN.

BEHAVIOUR AT CHURCH.

When safe preserved from week to week
You seek God's house of prayer,
Do not with vain and worldly thoughts
Presume to enter there.

How oft the wandering eyes betray
The heart unloving on heaven;
Even while with feigned lips you pray
To have your sins forgiven.

'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And heartless voice to raise;
God is a Spirit, and requires
The Spirit's prayer and praise.

He sees each secret of your heart,
Though 'tis from man concealed;
Its pride, its vanity, and guile,
Are all to him revealed.

But if one humble wish is there,
More of his will to know;
You may be sure to God of love
Will see and bless that too.

Then pray, when entering in his courts,
That He will give you grace
To bow to read, to mark, to learn,
And run the heavenly race.

THE WILLOW, POPPY, AND VIOLET.

A child held in his hand a slight leafless bough. It was like a supple green wand. But it had been newly cut from the parent stock, and life stirred in its little heart.

He sought out a sheltered spot, and planted it in the moist earth. Often did he visit it, and when the rains of summer were witheld, he watered it, at the cool sunset.

The sap, which is the blood of plants, began to flow freely through its tender vessels. A tiny root, like a thread, crept downward, and around the head was a bursting forth of faint green leaves.

Seasons passed over it, and it became a tree. Its slender branches drooped downward to the earth. The cheering sun smiled upon them; the happy birds sang to them; but they drooped still.

"Tree, why art thou always so sad and drooping? Am not I kind unto thee?" But it answered not; only, as it grew on, it drooped lower and lower; for it was a Weeping Willow.

The boy cast seed into the soft garden mold. When the time of flowers came, a strong budding stalk stood there, with coarse serrated leaves. Soon a full red poppy came forth, glowing in its gaudy dress. At its feet grew a purple violet, which no hand had planted or cherished.

It lived lovingly with the mosses, and with the frail flowers of the grass, not counting itself more excellent than they.

"Large poppy, why dost thou spread out thy scarlet robe so widely, and drink up all the sunbeams from my lowly violet?"

But the flaunting flower replied not to him who planted it. It even seemed to open its rich mantle still more broadly, as though it would have stifled its humble neighbors. Yet nothing hindered the fragrance of the meek violet.

The little child was troubled, and at the hour of sleep he spoke to his mother of the tree that continually wept, and of the plant that overshadowed its neighbor. So she took him on her knee, and spoke so tenderly in his ear, that he remembered her words when he became a man.

There are some who, like the willow, are weepers all their lives long, though they dwell in pleasant places, and the fair skies shine upon them in love. And there are others, who, like the poppy that thou reprovest, are proud at heart, and despise the humble, whom God regards.

"But be not thou like me, my gentle child; but keep ever in thy breast the sweet spirit of the lowly violet, that thou mayest come at last to that blessed place which pride cannot enter, and where the sound of weeping is unknown."—Mrs. Sigourney.

SPIRITUAL RECOGNITIONS.

A little girl, in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful, and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious and prayer-loving child was the idol of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and, winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say, "Now tell me about my mamma!" And when the oft-told tale had been repeated, she would ask, softly, "Take me into the parlor; I want to see my mamma." The request was never refused; and the affectionate child would lie for hours, contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But

"Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—
Bearing all her pain so meekly,
That to them she seemed so dearer,
As the trial hour drew near!"

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life-sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed, close in her ear, the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer.

All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan, cuddling hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the face above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—passed with that breath to her mother's bosom. Said a distinguished divine, who stood by that bed of joyous death:—

"If I had never believed in the ministrations of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now!"

"Peace I leave with you," said the wisest Spirit that ever passed from earth to heaven. Let us be at "peace" amid the spirit-mysteries and questionings on which His eye shall soon shed the light of eternity.—National Era.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

"Our people die well."

JOHN WESLEY TINKHAM died in this city, July 27, aged 36 years. The family and associations of the deceased have been wholly Methodist. He was cradled, as his name indicates, by parents who honored the name of Wesley—a nephew of the excellent wife of our beloved Bishop Hedding—and chose, as the companion of his life, the daughter of the venerable Father Bates. She, with her three young children, now mourns the loss of him who was all that could reasonably be expected of a Christian, a husband and a father. He was brought to know Christ by happy experience thirteen years ago last February, and from that time, until called away by death, he was an active and useful member of the D. St. M. E. Church—a living example of the power of the Gospel to save—holding nearly all that period with fidelity and great acceptability, the office of class leader, steward, and leader of the choir. His loss will be much felt, especially in the social meeting; for like Barnabas of old, "he was a good man, and full of the Holy Spirit, and of faith, and prayed and exhorted with great power, and far more than ordinary ability. His disease—small pox—was of short continuance, and from its nature threw a deep gloom over the event, forbidding his sympathizing friends from gathering around his dying bed, or even following his remains to the tomb; but his own soul was calm and composed, resting upon the blood of the atonement. When informed by his physician that he could not probably live two hours, his reply was, 'I am prepared.' To his weeping wife, he repeated Jer. 49: 11; 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me,' and added, 'Trust in God, my dear wife. Death was ever more rapid than predicted—was already executing his dreadful work. Raising himself up in bed (for he died in full strength) he repeated a part of a favorite hymn:—

"A home in heaven, as the sufferer lies,
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes,
To that bright home; what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven!"

He continued repeating the sentiment, 'My home in heaven,' until the sound died away on his death-palsied lips, and his spirit soared away to join in a new song above. Thus lived and thus died the Christian soldier.

EDWARD COOKE.

South Boston, Aug., 1850.

CAPTAIN SPENCER LATHROP died in West Bridgewater, July 29, aged 63 years. He has left a widow, three sons and four daughters, to mourn his loss. For a number of years the deceased, with his amiable family, a part of whom are members of the M. E. Church in this place, has attended our beloved sanctuary; and although not a member of our church, yet he was the subject of divine change of heart as early as 1812; and his Christian deportment, and the liberality with which he supported the institutions of the Gospel in this place, demonstrated that his religion was a principle, a stern reality. In his life, he was highly esteemed and respected by his fellow citizens, and his death is as universally regretted. The writer attended him in his last sickness a few days previous to his death. He told me "he wanted every Christian grace to the perfected in him;" and the last day of his life he said he "wanted to be filled with the power of God." And while bowing in prayer on his behalf, the Lord was pleased to manifest himself in a glorious manner. In a few hours after that he expired, without a struggle or a groan. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." I preached his funeral sermon to a weeping, attentive and numerous audience. May this affliction be sanctified to the good of the family, the church and community.

T. HARDMAN.

Cocheset, Aug. 6.

BRO. EZEKIEL WENTWORTH, son of Nicholas Wentworth, formerly of Conway, N. H., died in this place, July 12, aged 76 years. Bro. Wentworth united with the M. E. Church about twenty years since, and maintained his Christian integrity until removed by death to join the church above. During his Christian experience he ever manifested that constant steadfastness to the cause of Christ which enabled him to meet courageously all opposition, to overcome every temptation, and to bear patiently the multiplied afflictions of life. His last illness was short, and apparently very distressing, but no doubt is entertained of his safe arrival to the land of bliss and the home of the faithful. May the Lord sustain the widow and afflicted friends. Peace to his memory.

JONA. GALE.

Jackson, N. H., Aug. 3.
Morning Star is requested to copy.

Our beloved brother, REV. J. F. EATON, for several years a worthy and useful member of the New Hampshire Conference, was this morning summoned to his eternal reward. He died in peace, after little more than three days' illness, of inflammation of the bowels. He has left a wife, so feeble in health that she has not been able to leave her bed for years, and three children, to mourn their irreparable loss. May the God of the widow and the fatherless support and comfort them.

E. SCOTT.

Lebanon, N. H., Aug. 9.

Died in Upton, Mass., Feb. 19, Mrs. ANNA, widow of LYMAN ALDRICH, 83 years. Mother A. had been a member of the M. E. Church for many years; her consistent character was known, acknowledged and honored by all who knew her; she lived as the Christian lives, and died as the Christian dies, peaceful, happy, triumphant. Her funeral was attended by a large concourse of people. The occasion was improved by the subscriber in a discourse on Rev. 7: 14, 15; "These are they that have come out of great tribulation." &c. The largest circle of relatives were in attendance. I think, I ever witnessed on such an occasion to pay their last respects, and to perform the last office of kindness to departed worth. Happy are the dead who die in the Lord.

T. G. BROWN.

Yarmouthville, Aug. 11.

The Christian Advocate and Journal, Western Christian Advocate and Pittsburg Christian Advocate are particularly requested to publish.

MISS EMELINE J. COLE died in Cornish, Me., June 27, in the 19th year of her age. Emma was virtuous, lovely and beloved. Her last sickness was protracted, but patiently borne. The night before her departure, she obtained a good evidence of sins forgiven. She

gave praise to God, and passed happily away. She deeply regretted that her heart had not earlier been given to Christ. Helen M., of the same family, died a few days previous aged about 2 years.

N. HOBART.

NEW MEXICO.

The National Intelligencer of Monday, contains the following in relation to the Constitution of New Mexico. It will be seen that the boundaries are defined:—

"We understand that a copy of the Constitution framed by the Convention of the people of New Mexico for the government of the State of New Mexico, has been received in this city; but, as it requires the formal assent and concurrence of the people of the proposed State, it is to be considered as yet in an inchoate condition. It was referred to the popular suffrage to determine, by a general vote for or against it, on the 20th of June, its acceptance or rejection. After the sense of the people has thus been taken, the members of both branches of the Legislature and the Governor of the State being together assembled, the votes upon the Constitution are to be counted and declared.

"To satisfy a very natural curiosity on the part of the public to know what are the provisions of the Constitution in relation to the question of slavery and boundary, we are glad to be able also to place exact copies of those provisions before our readers.

"All men being born equally free and independent, and having certain natural, inherent, and inalienable rights, among which are the enjoying and defending life and liberty, the acquisition, possession and protection of property, and the pursuit and attainment of happiness; therefore no male person shall be held by law to serve any person as a servant, slave, or apprentice, after he arrives at the age of twenty-one years, nor female, in like manner, after she arrives at the age of eighteen years, unless they be bound by their own consent after they arrive at such age, or are bound by law for punishment of crime."

"The limits and boundaries of the State are defined as follows:—

"Beginning at the dam in the Rio del Norte, which supplies with water the 'asequia,' or irrigating canal of El Paso del Norte, and running thence due East to the hundredth parallel of longitude, West from Greenwich; thence due North on said parallel to a point where the same intersects the River Arkansas; thence up the middle of the channel of said river to its source; thence in a direct line to a point on the Rio Colorado of California, where the same is intersected by the hundred and tenth parallel of longitude West from Greenwich; thence due South on said parallel of longitude to a point on the Rio Gila, intersected by the same; thence up the middle of the main channel of said river to the point which may be designated by the Commissioners appointed to establish the line between the United States and the Republic of Mexico, as the point where said river, or one of its branches, shall be intersected by the Western line of New Mexico; thence Southward on said line, as the same shall be established by the Commissioners, to the angle formed by the State of Chihuahua, Sonora and New Mexico; thence Easterly on the line between the United States and the Republic of Mexico, as it shall be laid down by said Commissioners, to a point where the same may intersect the Rio del Norte; thence down said river to the place of beginning."

EUROPEAN AND N. AMERICAN RAILWAY.

A Railroad Convention assembled at Portland on Wednesday last week, having for its consideration the proposal for a continuous line of railway from Halifax to Bangor, and there connecting with the lines already built or under contract, to form an unbroken line with Boston, New York, and other cities further South. The prominent object in building this line of road is to form a line of connection between the Old and New World, by which the time of passage can be reduced to seven days. This object, it is contended, can be secured by running in connection with the proposed road, a line of steamers from Halifax to Galway, Ireland. Allowing them five days to cross, the passage from Boston or New York to London would be accomplished in the time proposed—seven days.

The Convention was one of the most pleasing, interesting and important, which has been held in our country for many years. It was a pleasing and an interesting sight to see sitting side by side in friendly deliberation and consultation, the representatives of the two most powerful nations upon earth—rising means by which the citizens of those Governments might be bound together by still stronger bonds of friendship and affection, and forgetting all sectional and national differences and barriers, hailing each other as brothers—as members of one great common family—and acknowledging as the only ground of difference between them a laudable ambition, the one to excel the other in the extension of the means of social and moral progress throughout the earth. It was truly a pleasant sight, and may well be considered as a most favorable augury for good.

Of the importance of the proposed work there can be but one opinion. The saving of time and the reduction of expense in crossing from the Old World to the New, would alone commend the project to the attentive consideration of every thinking man. But when we take into the account the influence of these increased facilities for intercommunication between the two countries—we may say the two worlds, for it will be a great national highway—upon the social, moral and religious condition of the human race; when we look at the influence it will exert upon the business of the country, by changing the course of trade; and more particularly when we reflect upon the fields of enterprise which it opens to the inhabitants of Maine and of Massachusetts, in the agricultural and mineral resources of the country through which the road will pass, and also in the fisheries of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the importance of the work is almost beyond conception, and cannot be reflected upon without producing the conviction that the enterprise ought to be pressed forward to completion.

The proceedings of the Convention were marked with great unanimity, with the exception of upon a single point—and that an important one—the line of the route from St. John, N. B., to Halifax, N. S. There were two parties present—those in favor of the route crossing the Bay by steamer from St. John, N. B. to Digby Gut, N. S., and thence along the Western coast to Halifax, a distance of 142 miles. The other party, and by far the most numerous, were in favor of a continuous land route—through New Brunswick, via the Bend of the Petitcodiac to Shediac on the Gulf of the St. Lawrence—and thence to Halifax. The only objection adduced by the advocates of the latter route, was on account of its increased cost. This objection was met by the delegates from New Brunswick and the Eastern part of Nova Scotia, with the assurance that they would build the road through their territory. The friends of the other route admitted the superiority of the land route if it could be built, and with a spirit worthy of all praise, came in after the voice of the Convention was given in favor of it, and pledged their hearty co-operation in carrying it through.

It would have been better, perhaps, had more

of the time of the Convention been occupied in submitting such statistics as would have shown more clearly the resources of the country through which the road is to run. The statistics before the Convention were of a very general character, and were indicative of the belief on the part of the Provincial delegates that it would be a paying investment. We learn that they have put documents containing the statistics upon which this belief is based into the hands of the Committee, and in a short time they will be laid before the public. They, themselves, are convinced that the local traffic will support it, and yield over and above the expenses a handsome profit. At all events, so sanguine are they in the belief, that they say that between now and February they will have the most of the stock in the road through New Brunswick subscribed for. The delegates from Nova Scotia are equally as sanguine that their people will do their part—one of them, Mr. Kerr, of Wallace, N. S., a man able to back up his statement, says that he will build a mile of the road himself! And we are told that this is the feeling throughout the Provinces, especially in New Brunswick. The people of all classes feel that it is the railroad that is to make and save them, and will therefore take hold of it with a determination to carry it through with energy and despatch.

As to the portion of the route through Maine from Bangor to the State line, there appears to be no doubt but that the Legislature—a large portion of the members of which attended the Convention will grant the appropriation asked for to complete a survey. When that is accomplished, and the practicability of the route ascertained, there can be no question but the means of construction will be forthcoming. Maine herself, perhaps cannot furnish them, but when the capitalists of our large cities see that this is the link which is wanted in the great chain, it will not long remain unfulfilled.

We have, therefore, great faith that the "EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY" will be built, and that too within a very few years. A class of men have taken hold of it who have crossed the word fail from their vocabulary; and who, if they are able to prove the resources which will be opened to sustain the road, to be as great as they now represent them, will have little difficulty in pressing their enterprise into public confidence. We wish them, and the "European and North American Railway," the most complete success.—Mer. Journal.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN FLETCHER.

Mr. Editor:—I became acquainted some years since, with a brother Methodist, an Englishman by birth, who narrated to me the following anecdote relative to the venerable and excellent John Fletcher, and which he received from the person immediately concerned. As I have never seen it in print, I send it for insertion in the Advocate, if you deem it worthy of publication.

REV. JOHN FLETCHER.—A young minister of the Wesleyan Church in England, received his first appointment to the circuit including the town of Madeley, at that time favored with the ministerial labors of Rev. John Fletcher; he was directed on reaching Madeley to inquire for Mr. F.'s residence, where he would meet with a welcome reception. On riding up to the house, he called or knocked, and an elderly servant as he supposed, in ordinary clothing, met the summons. "Is this Mr. Fletcher's residence?" "It is, Sir." "My name is—," the junior preacher for this circuit. "Yes, Sir, the family have been expecting you; dismount and walk in." "No; my man; I make it an invariable rule to see my horse attended to first: take him to the stable; get your curry-comb and brush, and curry him down." The old man in compliance with his directions, performed the duties of a hostler. "Now give him his provender, and I'll go into the house." "Walk in, Sir; take a seat." Looking round, and seeing no one but the old hostler, he inquired "Where is Mr. Fletcher?" "I AM MR. FLETCHER."

His surprise and mortification can be better imagined than described, but the excellent Fletcher told him not to distress himself, but let it be a lesson for the future, not to infer that because a man wears rusty clothes at home, he must be a hostler.—Southern Ch. Advocate.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Let the business of every one attend, to your own. Don't buy what you don't want; use every